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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

SUCK

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"AND HE MARKED HIM FOR HIS OWN."

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PUCK'S ANNUAL
FOR

1880

has already caused the Presidential issue to become of secondary interest.

Lord Beaconsfield will not call the British Parliament together until

Puck's Annual

is issued—neither will Congress be convened or Christmas celebrated. This is trustworthy, as will be clearly seen from the announcement that

PUCK'S ANNUAL.

will be fired upon an expectant world on or about

December 1st.

The stories, poems and articles, are all new and original, and have already received the highest encomiums from their authors and other gifted individuals.

As for the pictures, by PUCK's artistic staff, they must be seen to be believed in. The price of

Puck's Annual for 1880
will be 25 cents currency.

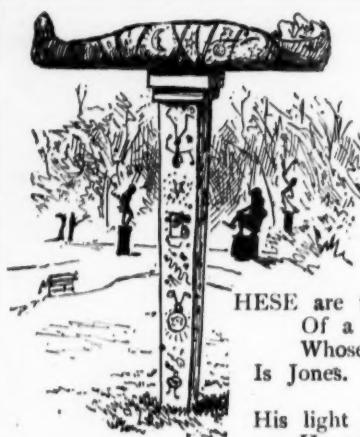
CONTENTS.

PUCK'S AESOP.	FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.—
Specimens of English Humor.	No. CXIII.
What to Do With Him—poem.	Japhet's Journey—illus.
PUCKERINGS.	Catastrophe (poem).—Arthur Lot.
Marriage and Divorce!	A Handel Festival—illus.
PUCK's Patent Circular Butler—illus.	Our Defense.
Our Governor.	The Pinafore Fugitives.
Before the Play (poem)—Earl Marble.	Literary Notes.
London "Fun."	The Theatres.
Shakspeare Studies.—John Albro.	ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
An Unpromising Infant—illus.	ARCHIE GASCOWNE.—John Fraser
	PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

PUCK'S AESOP.

A NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD FABLE.

T T chanc'd once upon a time that a Bull-dog, having had a Difference with a Mastiff, and being obliged to Bolt, sought out the Stork, and made friends with them. The Stork, being in need of assistance, said to the Bull-dog: "If you will refrain from Scratching my candidate, I will make it all Right with you." Where upon the Bull-dog apply'd himself with Diligence to serving the Stork, and succeeded in making himself very useful and Numerous, to that Extent that the Stork got his man in, and was in some Degree consoled for Canonchet. Then, when the election was over, and everything was lovely, the Bull-dog went to the Stork and said: "Where is my Whack at them Spoils?" And the Stork



WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

A SUGGESTION TO OUR E. C. THE WORLD.

HESE are the mummified bones
Of a party named Samuel Tilden,
Whose middle name, properly filled in,
Is Jones.

His light 'neath a bushel was hid:
He expired of chagrin and dejection,
At the last Presidential Election,
He did.

He was nursed in the ages' lap;
Dodged his taxes, until he got caught in it—
And, in short, was a very unfort'nit
Old chap.

While dropping a pitying tear,
Permit us to make the suggestion
That the venerable party in question
Was queer.

And wouldn't it look just first chop—
To see that old obelisk inverted,
With the corpse of the Great Disconcerted
On top?

And excuse us if, e'en we weep
That his spirit o'er Styx has been ferried,
We remark: it is time he was buried—
And deep.

Yet to lose him would brim sorrow's cup,
We will tie him so tight he won't wobble,
If the *World* will please turn its old Obble-Lisk up.

replied blandly: "Step right in and help yourself, John." "But," complained the Bulldog: "they are in a Receptacle where you alone can put your Little Bill in; and I am Left, av ye Plase." "Ah, that," said the wily Stork, as he dipped into the Rewards of Victory, "is what you should have looked out for Earlier."

MORAL.

When you have Forty Thousand Intelligent Voters in your pocket, it is better to discount your Stake before Election, and then leave the Purchaser to make it all Right for Himself.

SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH HUMOR.

PREPARED BY MR. W. S. GILBERT DURING HIS VOYAGE TO THIS COUNTRY.

At dinner, on one occasion, when the dessert, composed of pie and tart, was brought on, Mr. Gilbert, imitating the rhythm of "Good-bye, Sweetheart," dryly and sententiously said, "Good pie, sweetart, good pie!" which created immense laughter. Another evening the Captain came down with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the lapel of his coat. A French passenger remarked that the Captain was décoré.

"Yes," Mr. Gilbert said quickly, "Quarter-deck-öré."—*N. Y. Herald*.

Some friends came off to bid the visitors welcome, and as they came shouted, "Did you meet any cyclones?"

"We don't move in those circles," promptly replied Mr. Gilbert.—*N. Y. World*.

"THE Bothnia brought \$550,000 gold."—*N. Y. Times*. We wonder Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan carried so much gold with them. But perhaps it is for the purpose of buying out all the Pinafore companies at present stumping the country.

Puckerings.

MAJOR RENO is the Un-Ovated Valentine Baker of the Plains.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS says he is unkindly treated; and threatens to pout.

ISN'T the Republican rooster raising rather a muffled and melancholy ker-whoop over his recent victory?

WANTED—A good collector, persuasive and accustomed to deal with Republicans. Apply to J. K., Tammany Hall, 14th St., N. Y.

AMONG the numerous charms of babyhood, perhaps the one that most forcibly appeals to the bachelor adult is its temporariness, so to speak.

POLITICAL principles change, kingdoms are overthrown and religions alter; but four aces hold an undisturbed preëminence in their own peculiar line.

WE would not for the world cast any imputation upon Mrs. Hayes's fidelity to her matronly duties; but isn't it about time that her husband put on his ear-muffs?

THIS season appears to lack fixed meteorological principles; but it keeps up a pretty fair catarrhal pressure, with areas of influenza in the north and east, and precautionary chest-protector signals ordered all along the coast.

WE learn from a poem by Mr. Halleck that "an hour passed on, the Turk awoke;" and we conjecture, from the exasperated vivacity of his subsequent movements, that he was aroused by the performance of his native "Reveille" on a hand-organ.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE preliminary step to Divorce is remarkably easy. It is Marriage.

But the wedding-ring is like the hoop that the young lady clad in spangles jumps through, at the circus. Anyone can take a header at it; almost anyone can get through it; but your fate after you have got through is, as the country-folks would say, "dubersome."

There is nothing more simple and more common than for a young man to walk out with a young woman, and get welded to his companion, for life; and, if the operation is performed by an ecclesiastic, for eternity.

All it requires is a small marriage-fee, a certain amount of cheek, and a suitable young woman. These things being given, thefeat is quite within the powers of any ordinary young man.

But it takes more than an ordinary young man to come out ahead in the wrestle with Fate that is very likely to follow. Marriage, on the safest basis, is equivalent to taking a great many chances in a game where woman is dealing. Men are uncertain enough, in all conscience; but when a feminine hand shuffles the cards, the wise man keeps his own trumps up his coat-sleeve.

For suppose the game does turn against you. One year after you walked out of the church with your own little particular, personal, private angel on your arm, said angel turns out a very disappointing young mortal, altogether. She neglects you, and the baby, and the household; and reads Augusta J. Evans's novels.

You tell her that you don't admire that style of literature and call her attention to your shirt-buttons. She says you are a brute.

So does her mother. Her mother comes to your house to say so. A mother-in-law is the only human being before whom the laws of hospitality bow down and acknowledge their weakness.

And one day you will be astonished at finding your angel, when you come home at night, sitting in a shabby wrapper, with a dazed look in her pretty eyes, and the blush that was once on her peach-blossom cheeks transferred to her nose. She half laughs and half cries when she sees you, and she nestles up to your side, and puts up her mouth for a kiss, and you catch a pungent flavor that makes you sick at heart.

Then the time comes when she is no longer maudlin and childish; but snappy and red-eyed and nervous; when she glories in open neglect of her wifely duties, and laughs when the baby cries for food, and finally so tries your soul that, for the first time in your life, you lift your hand against a woman, and strike your wife.

That is bad enough—too bad, indeed, for this decent, humane, wise nineteenth century. But there are worse things. Men are all brutes, at the bottom of them, and women know this, and keep on hand a stock of pity that will condone even this outrage. But there is something worse. *She strikes you back.*

That settles the matter. Not even the thinnest, most fallacious pretense of love or affection or duty is possible after *that*.

Your wife's blow, delivered over your child's cradle, did not hurt you; but it took the good genius of matrimony square between the eyes, and knocked him quite out of time.

Yes, you must get a divorce. How? Why, of course, by applying to the nearest court, stating your unhappy case, and making clear your legal right to take your children from the guardianship of a mother whose care is cruel, and whose example is vile.

You set out to get your divorce.

And realize, for the first time, that you are a poor man. You may have thought you were poor before, when you stinted your meals, and

wore threadbare clothes, and toiled night and day for the sake of love and life.

But, ah! You never knew what poverty was until you found yourself too poor to purchase the freedom of your honor.

Poverty has you fast in its grip. The lawyers stretch out greedy hands for retaining fees. Court expenses are not to be neglected. And these are only the legitimate drains upon your purse.

Do you ask: what are the others? Observe your rich neighbor, the bald octogenarian benedict. He wants to get rid of his wife, for no particular reason save a general idea that it is time for a change. How is it that he manages in a few weeks what you have been trying to do through long, weary months? How? Ask the detective bureau—ask the hordes of outlaws who hang about the lobbies of the courts, manufacturers of bogus evidence, spies, creatures of every disgraceful need. These folk feed high for many a day after such a divorce as old Jonas Gildedage's.

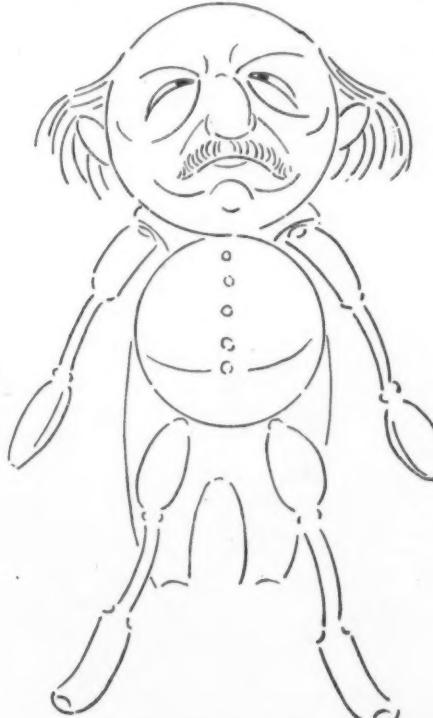
But there is no rejoicing among them when you, the poor man, come into court with your tale of woe to which justice will not turn an ear. They know that to dispense with your wife you cannot dispense with them. But they know that they are costly auxiliaries, and they know, too, that even if your poverty allowed it, your honesty would forbid you to employ them.

No, you are a prisoner, and you can not escape. From the little gold ring on your wife's finger has sprung a brood of links; a chain of mingled love and hate, joy and misery, that binds you fast to your disgrace and your despair.

And to think that MONEY, if you had it, would set you free! Isn't it well-nigh enough to make a man a thief?

Not that we counsel you to turn thief. It were better, perhaps, to turn reformer, and give us a better and wiser system of Marriage and Divorce.

PUCK'S PATENT CIRCULAR BUTLER.



"The most beautiful figure in all geometry is a circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, triangles quadrilaterals; but these are not God's favorites.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, in his sermon of Sunday, October 19th.

OUR GOVERNOR.

WE have elected our Governor—that is, Mr. Kelly and the genius of discord have elected a person by the name of Cornell, who is supposed to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Robinson.

And now, after the mischief is done, and we have lost a tried and trustworthy public officer, it is, perhaps, time to pause and ask ourselves: what have we done?

WHOM HAVE WE ELECTED?

Who is Mr. A. B. Cornell, this gentleman whose extraordinary political virtues have won him the suffrages of Tammany and the back-counties, this representative of principles important enough to turn the balance of election against the personal worth of his opponent?

Who is he? What has he done? What is he capable of doing?

It does not seem very easy to get an answer. We learn that he once, while holding office under government, was insubordinate, and interfered with the execution of the department rules.

We learn that this mutiny was so childishly vicious and insolent as to draw forth a rebuke from even so very weak and watery a person as the cold-tea President by the name of Hayes.

We learn that for this performance he was ejected from office and cast upon the cold world by Mr. John Sherman. And if the world is less cold to him now, he has only John Kelly to thank for it.

We learn, furthermore, that he is "supported" by Mr. Roscoe Conkling. Now, the value of support depends very much on the strength of the supporting party. Mr. Conkling's strength is very problematical. He is a gentleman with a fine figure, a pretty little curl on his forehead, and, under the curl, a flowering and rhetorical something-or-other that may be intellect, and may not be. He is a man who has got up a grand anticipatory reputation on various faint foreshadowings of future greatness—promissory notes of genius, which he has failed to take up as they became due. He is a man who has always been about to make "the greatest effort of this life." Unless that "greatest effort" is Mr. Cornell, it has not yet been made.

Perhaps it is Mr. Cornell.

There was, History tells us, a certain Mountain, that, being in labor, brought forth a Mouse. There is, however, no record of the mouse being elected governor of a great state; whence it may be inferred that the ancients were not so hard up for governors as we appear to be.

But this reflection is a digression. Mr. Cornell, we remark, is supported by Mr. Conkling—if our information is correct. Mr. Cornell is also approved of by Mr. John Kelly, a local politician who appears to control a marketable vote of some forty thousand. Mr. J. Kelly is not a person of notable disinterestedness, nor one renowned for an excessive affection for his enemies. His school of statesmanship, on the contrary, is founded on a strictly cash basis, and personally he is hot of head and sour of spleen. When Mr. Kelly approves of a rival candidate, it may be fairly safe to say that Mr. Kelly has reasons for what he does. Mr. Kelly is not fanciful or sentimental.

So, when we come to sum up the showing which our new Governor makes for himself, we find that while he is actually but a vague and cloudy personality, only solid enough to have been kicked, once on a time, he is upheld in his present glory by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, and sealed with the sign of Tammany by Mr. J. Kelly.

That is, he is the present which these gentlemen have made to the State of New York. All we can say is that they ought to have thrown in a chromo.

BEFORE THE PLAY.

SO far up-town she lived, they took
An early horse-car down
When on the play they fain would look
In the theatre down-town.

They went to Daly's one fair night,
To see B. Howard's "Wives,"
And laughed (this is not pat or trite)
At peril of their lives.

Upon the Elevated Road
This time down-town they flew,
And reached the drama's fair abode
At 7. What should they do?

There in the vestibule they stood
A moment, then the doors
Were opened, and, where dim light wooded
The darkness, o'er the floors,

All noiseless, with a spectral glide
They sought their quiet seats,
And for brief moments talked and sighed
In shyst of retreats.

But soon came others, others still,
And gaslight's brilliant blaze;
And these two thought, with naughty thrill,
Of that brief twilight's daze.

And all I have to say is this
(Please heed the lesson well):
This brief foretaste of Heaven, I wis,
Was owing to the "El."

EARL MARBLE.

LONDON "FUN."*

STERLING, ILL., Nov. 7th, 1879.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

While looking at the cut from *Punch* in No. 134 of your paper, and reading the English version of it, the idea struck me that I had seen something very similar a long time ago. Yesterday while turning over some old pamphlets, I came across a book composed of selections from *London Fun*, which was issued in 1875 or '76. Among the caricatures therein, I found the one I have in mind, and which I enclose you. It seems to prove, to me, that *Punch's* solemn joke—by which he attempts to reflect upon the good breeding of our American girls—has not even the merit of originality.

Respectfully,

J. HAWK.

ENCLOSED

in our correspondent's letter is a picture of a young woman on horseback, speaking to one of three young men in the peculiarly absurd and vulgar costume which our English friends think it necessary to put on when they play lawn-tennis. The book may have been published, as our correspondent says, in 1875 or '76; but it looks like a drawing of 1866 or 1867, and is probably an old picture of "Badminton" times, revived for the present days of lawn-tennis madness. We base this conjecture on the fact that the young woman's dress is in the "Paris style" of the last empire; and, while we must make allowance for the vagaries of the English female in matters of raiment, we cannot believe that even the most conservative Briton would be guilty of imagining an American girl attired with such rococo dowdiness.

* See cut on page 467, No. 134.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXIII.

PINAFORE PEOPLE.

Ya-as, I have been constnawed to mention Pinafore at last—an ar-wangement which everwybody has been waising a twe-mendous fuss about durwing the last ye-ah.

I weally nevah took the twouble to inquire into the affai-ah, although I have heard people making wemarks about the thing faw maw than a ye-ah.

Jack Carnegie said the thing was a species of English comic operwa and had something to do with the Woyal Navy, an institution in which my young bwothah Fwed is some description of ward-woom officer.

Jack has also observed that the pwoduction wasn't half bad; but, as I don't care for any but Italian operwa—and I'm not a wigid admirah of that—I could nevah be pweailed upon to dwag myself to a theatre to see this aw "Pinafore."

And now I wemembah severwal individuals have fwrequently abwuptly asked me if I had seen "Pinafore," to which querwy I of course wesponded, "Aw no." Then they would go on to say, "What, nevah?" and I would wepeat, "Aw no." Aftah which they would repeat, "What, nevah?" Then I would turn wound in disgust, faw I won't stand such wretched chaff fwom Amerwicans—no, not at any pwice.

I now understand that these idiotic phrases orwiginated in this "Pinafore;" and if this is twue, I cahn't possibly see, yer know, how people with any bwains can look upon it as an at-tawtive operwa.

But I don't think I should evah have witten anything about it, had not two literawwy and musical fellaws, to whom the authorship of "Pinafore" is attwibuted, arwived in this countwy and bwought lettahs of intwoduction to me and Jack fwom an old fwied of mine in the guards, who wathah affects the society of newpapah, dwamah and operwa witahs. I don't think it's a verwy superwiah kind of form, but eccentric people exist everwywhere, even in our set.

The name of the fellow who wites the pwose and poetwy is Gilbert. The man whose patwonymic is inseparawly connected with the musical aw operwatic bwanch of the composition is a bwunette gentleman of Anglo-Hibernian parwantage, called Sullivan.

They immediately called on me at the Bwevoort, and 'pon my soul I was tolerwably glad to see them.

They didn't baw me with literwature, but talked quietly and aw bwightly about things in generwal, verwy much in the same mannah as othah wespectable, well-bwed people would entah into a conversation with a fellow who perhaps moved in a wange of society superwiah to themselves, although he might nevah have witten anything that had been pwinted.

Jack tells me that this agweable music-witah and poetwy-man intend wemaining he-ah until the spwing, and are going to become pwopwietahs of a theatre and pwoduce othah operwas, dwamahs and new pieces of poetwy.

I dare say they'll succeed aw. I wathah hope they will; faw it's gwatifying and wefweshing to see Bwitiish fellaws appweciated when they take the twouble to cwoess the Atlantic to show Americans the corwect thing in dwama and literwature aw.



SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

A FEW FINAL REMARKS ON "MACBETH."

THE enemy admit the "castle's strength" in the remark: "Our setting down by fort."

MACBETH, in speaking of the poor player taking the part of a king, of course, makes a singular blunder with his plural pronouns. It should read: "That struts and frets his we upon the stage"—not his "our" upon the stage!—[Sc. 5.]

MACDUFF refused to join the workingmen's club, and told them: "I cannot strike."—[Sc. 7.]

IN CONCLUSION: "Macbeth" was a pretty fair play, considering the times it was written in and the times it was written of, although it is not at all like one of Boucicault's. There are defects in it, of course; one of which is that a character called *Exeunt* does too much of the marching and fighting. Still it does very well—quite well.

JOHN ALBRO.

AN UNPROMISING INFANT.



MRS. LEVI:—You wouldn't charge dot leedle baby full fare?—

CONDUCTOR:—How old is he, mem?

LEVI, JR.:—I vas seex years.

MRS. LEVI:—O Jakey, Jakey, you vill nefer make a schmart man like your fader.

JAPHET'S JOURNEY, IN SEARCH OF A FORTUNE.

A SOLID STATEMENT IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



It was Spring. The birds began to twitter among the budding boughs; the anemones coyly pushed up their pink and white heads among the gnarled roots of the forest; the clear sky took on warmer and tenderer tones of blue; a few last lingering wreaths of snow, belated in shady nooks by the roadway, melted into trickling crystal, and lost themselves among the dry roots of the grass, whose yellowed blades drank in a new life, and took on a livelier vernal emerald.

It was obvious that the homely industry of the farmer was about to awaken from its wintry lethargy.

"Now is my time," said Japhet Adolphus Hoskins, "to quit the farm."

He bade farewell to his aged parents.

"I would fain seek my fortune," he said; "the hired man will do the ploughing for you. Ere another spring I will return, a millionaire, and buy the whole farm. I go to make my fortune!"

CHAPTER II.



But one parting yet remained to be made. Medora Melissa Jane, of the house of Jones, claimed his last fond tear, and he stopped at her house to shed it.

"And must you go, Japhet?" cried the fair girl, her soulful eyes gazing up into his face, their candid glance piercing the innermost depths of his being.

"The fortune that I am about to make, Medora Melissa," he answered firmly, depositing his carpet-bag upon the kitchen floor, and

framing her Madonna-like face in his hands, which were hard and red with the toil that, within the paternal gates, he had shirked on the hired man—"the fortune that I am about to make will be shared with you, under certain restrictions. Be faithful to me, until I return, laden with gold. Do not let that scheming Philetus Bunker get away with your young affections. Remember also that I shall be no longer Japhet when I come back, a-rolling along in my chariot set with diamonds. Practise calling me Eglantine Sylvanus, agin my return. And now, adieu!"

And, bending down, his lips approached her rosebudd mouth, across which she hastily drew a precautionary sleeve, and their souls met in one last clinging kiss that clung until a creaking of cowhide boots on the back-stoop heralded the approach of Medora Melissa's father.

CHAPTER III.



The busy hum of trade was heard in the vast avenues of commerce. The tireless toilers of the mart rushed to and fro. Everything wore an aspect of bustle and animation, and all things seemed to indicate a revival of trade. Huge vans rolled over the stony pavements and deposited their rich freightage upon the sidewalks, heaping up immense barricades of packing-boxes, one of which fell on the toe of a gouty old gentleman, whose unequivocal repartee floated out upon the morning breeze, mingling with the rattle of the omnibuses like the sound of a foghorn amid the roar of the ocean.

Proud and asthmatic, Japhet strode into the office of the merchant prince.

He had arrived at the metropolis late on the previous afternoon, and, after one or two casual adventures with gentlemen who mistook him for somebody else, and other gentlemen who had his name quite right, but whose faces he couldn't for the life of him remember—adventures which depleted his pocket-book, if they did not dampen his proud spirit—he had made himself comfortable in a palatial boarding-house in South Fifth Avenue.

Hence he had wandered down among the lordly temples of trade; had selected the lordliest, and had entered.

Now he stood beside the desk of the senior partner, and with the confiding sweetness and easy grace that were his chief characteristics, he bent down, and affably inquired of the venerable capitalist:

"Do you happen to want a partner, or a confidential clerk, or a porter, or an errand-boy or anything? Don't mind if there ain't no vacancy in the firm just this minute. I won't be offended at the offer of an inferior position while I'm waiting. All great men have begun small."

"Young man," said the merchant prince, with his hand upon the bell-rope, "Git."

CHAPTER IV.



He got.

CHAPTER VI.

He got, not once alone; but numerously and frequently after the fashion represented in the last chapter.

"It is a cold world," he said.

So it was, and a monopolizing world, and a world lively with its boot-toe.

He systematically made the tour of the town. At first he sought out only the more aristocratic business establishments—those that betokened an affluence whereto he might ally himself without bending his lofty pride.

As time wore on, he became less particular in the matter of style; he sought comparatively modest offices; and finally curbed his soaring aspirations and offered himself for a menial vacancy in a retail grocery in Houston street.

"And has it come to this?" he muttered between his white lips.

It appeared it had not come to that. They would not have him at the retail grocery. They even declined to let him sit on the coal-box and sample the dried apples.

They showed him the door, and they explained to him its purposes, and illustrated the same.



Half-way across the street he checked his progressive impulse, and went to the nearest lamp-post, and leaned against it, and felt very sick, and made the observation quoted before:

"It is a cold world."

As the shades of evening gathered about him, as they will gather about six o'clock, he took up his carpet-bag, and, in a secluded establishment on the Bowery, put up that faithful companion and its contents, and got one square meal out of the proceeds.

CHAPTER VII.



It was Autumn.

The hectic flush of expiring nature already glimmered through the fast thinning foliage of the woods. Late and hardy flowers alone greeted the keen breath of the winds of Fall. The golden grain was heaped high in the shorn fields, and the lofty haystacks offered convenient nests wherein the tramp might sleep.

That is where Japhet slept.

His haughty spirit bowed; his hair long, his person more or less soiled, his garments profusely and richly ventilated, our hero was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

"This, then," was his soliloquy, "is the outcome of all my dazzling dreams! Where is my fortune—the fortune that a greedy and monopolizing world owes me? I have not collected it—nary fortune. Wealth, I have discovered, is hard to get your hand on. It is as evasive as the insect that a moment ago was pasturing upon my left shoulder-blade. I have gone to put my finger upon it—it was not there. And now I am returning home, a penniless pedestrian, at a season when the old man is unlikely to kill the fatted veal, for the reason that there ain't any. Must this ever be the fate of genius?"

And then he hurried on, to avoid a county constable who wanted him to stop and break stone.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. TALMAGE.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

In the sermon preached by Mr. Talmage just prior to the late election he remarked that political eminence is not inconsistent with religious character. Let us drop a tear to the memory of religious character and proceed. But now, we do remember that the average church-member is quite as selfish and unscrupulous in attaining political ends as others of the same class, not religious. True, he may not drink with the boys, nor have his head at the head of a chowder club, yet when the drinks and chowder are in order your even Christian "shells out" for "election expenses" quite as readily and as handsomely as your lower pagan. Quite as glibly does he talk of "sterling integrity," "needed reforms," "rights of the people," "glorious country," "constitutional rights," "work for the laboring classes," etc.

If elected, he wriggles out of unfulfilled pledges as artfully and as slick as his non-religious colleague in the same line of business. We see no particular public benefit to be derived from importing too much religion into politics. We can tolerate an Aminadab Sleek here and there, but not too many, Brother T.—not too many.

Further on Brother T. imparts the astound-

ing and startling information that "God has given this country to this people." Happy people! Infinite blessing! But stop; we have a faint historical remembrance that the Indians had to be massacred before we could accept the gift, and that those who butchered them got all the land, and their descendants keep it to this day. Will Brother T. correct the sentence so that it may read, "God has given this country to *some* people"? Otherwise some foolish fellow may go to the Registrar and ask for the title-deeds for his share.

The "some people" and their descendants who received the munificent bequest are those alluded to when we speak of "national prosperity," "balance of trade in our favor," "immense wheat crop," "the mineral resources of our county." Such terms are grotesque when applied to blown-up miners and their starving children.

But the "some people" are very considerate. They are not a warlike people. They don't envy the military fame of any man, and in the late war they were chiefly distinguished as Academy of Music War Orators, and 90-day Militia Generals; subsequently as patriotic supply contractors, and still more subsequently as Members of Congress and the Senate. These are the "some people" God has given this country to, are they not? O ponderous and marble jaws, I charge thee speak.

TIM FLASH.

CATASTROPHES.

I.

IT WAS midnight's hour! All nature sweetly snored
Except the owl, a certain bug you know,
And that night-bird they call the mosquito,
Which buzzed around as o'er your head it soared,
And got its nightly food from those it bored.
In peace you slept upon your bed of down,
Or on a couch of straw you placed your crown,
At least upon the best you could afford:
When sudden came—it seemed from your back fence—
A screech, a yell, a howl, a squall, a scream.
You sprang erect, like man deprived of sense,
And wondered if it was some horrid dream:
But when you heard your neighbor cry out, "Scat!"
Why then you knew at once it was the cat.

II.

WITHIN the kitchen, realm ruled by the cook,
And whence come puddings, tarts, and cakes, and pies,
And other trifles which our stomachs prize,
One day, by chance, the mistress took a look.
And, while she peered in each sequestered nook
To count her precious chinaware and delf
As it lay heaped in piles upon each shelf,
Almost the Madam's breath away it took
To find one of her choicest pitchers broke,
As if upon the floor it had been dashed.
She turned unto the cook and sharply spoke:
"Now, Bridget, who that pitcher could have smashed?"
From Bridget came the usual answer pat:
"I don't know, ma'am. Perhaps it was the cat."

III.

WHEN, from the clouds, the morning sun comes out,
And Eastern sky grows red with light of day,
The milkman from the pump steals swift away,
And, with his cans, sets forth upon his route.
And, surely, mortal man can never doubt
That, in good faith, that milk (and water) man
Down at your area door within your can
Does put a quart of milk or thereabout!
But when, at breakfast time, you always find
At least one-half of your milk (and water) gone,
You call the cook and freely speak your mind,
And vow such conduct can no more be borne.
But Bridget's answer's plain to all of that:
"I did not touch it, ma'am; it was the cat."

ARTHUR LOT.

A HANDEL FESTIVAL



FOR THE PEOPLE.

OUR DEFENSE.

Dear PUCK:

To know precisely to what extent a joke can be carried is a great acquirement. The distinction between genuine wit and humor and mere coarse buffoonery lies in the knowledge of this fact—in not overdoing a thing. Now, in this our defense, the undersigned, managers of the largest of the lotteries that at present exercise a sway over the purses of the credulous public, will endeavor to give your readers a few plain words in answer to the complaints set forth about ourselves by ignorant ridiculers and deriders in the columns of various city newspapers, and a certain solarian sheet in particular. We are prompted to do this by our motto, "Be Frank." (Our other motto is, "More.")

Our system of conducting business is as follows:

On the day preceding the drawing, in which every ticket-holder stands an equal chance, the managers and agents and their Pinafore relations take the remaining unsold tickets for themselves.

By adopting this plan, you understand, we are able to announce that every ticket is disposed of each month.

Now, Mr. Editor, are we to blame if Destiny favors us to an unusual degree? For she has done so, we admit, in awarding all the capital prizes to ourselves thus far. We attribute it to accident, nothing more. Let the world become cognizant of this remarkable fact, and (you can put the rest in two-line letter if you like), very probably, they will be more fortunate next time. Tickets, only two dollars apiece.

Your injured servants,

SHARK & DOLPHIN,
Managers of the Spider and Fly Lottery,
3019 Broadway,
New York City.

LITERARY NOTE.

"The Conquest of Plassans" is another of Zola's pleasant interminable series of novels published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The Abbé Faujas and his mother are powerfully drawn characters.

THE PINAFORE FUGITIVES.

A SANGUINARY RIOT.

VENGEANCE!!

RAGE OF THE MOB!

SAVED BY A HAIR'S-BREADTH.

MIRACULOUS, BUT UNDESERVED ESCAPE.

FULLEST KIND OF DETAILS.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

PUCK has little sympathy with Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan in the treatment they were subjected to by the infuriated populace when landing from the *Bohnia*. If they had consulted us by cable before leaving England we would have smuggled them ashore—taken them under our protecting wing until everything had blown over. As it is, the reputation of our city has been compromised by their provoking temerity and sang froid, which caused a disturbance rivalling in magnitude the Draft and Orange riots.

We know that great efforts have been made to hush this thing up. That may do very well for some of our contemporaries, but it won't work with us. Therefore, as becomes a live journal, we proceed to chronicle the facts as obtained by PUCK's special reporter.

THE FIRST SURPRISE.

The men Gilbert and Sullivan, before crossing the Atlantic, had had it constantly crammed down their throats that the English language was practically a dead letter in New York, having given place to Pinafore phraseology and airs.

They carefully, after stepping ashore, listened for some of the familiar music, but none greeted their ears. But there floated towards them a wild, weird, sound in a minor key, which they afterwards ascertained was the now very popular Turkish Reveille.

"How short-lived is fame!" exclaimed Mr. Sullivan.

"I think we have been deceived," said Mr. Gilbert. "I don't believe 'Pinafore' has ever been played here at all."

"WHAT, NEVER?"

yelled a Milesian longshoreman, who was lying in wait behind some bales of cotton, as he let Mr. Gilbert have the contents of a derringer in that gentleman's hat.

The smell of gunpowder had roused the worst passions of other stevedores, truckmen and laborers in the vicinity, who had gone armed to the teeth for several days awaiting the arrival of the *Bohnia*.

They formed a surging crowd around the apparently doomed composers of "Pinafore," drew forth their gleaming bowie-knives, cocked their revolving Remington rifles, and prepared to shed the Pinaforists' gore without any delay.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, amidst a shower of bullets, rushed towards Greenwich Street, the howling mob at their heels. They took refuge under the pillars of Mr. Cyrus André Field's beastly railroad, and for the moment thought themselves safe; but

"BANG, BANG, THE LOUD 9-POUNDERS GO" sang determined men from a station above, as they discharged a battery of howitzers, loaded with grape-shot right into the midst of the devoted "Pinafore" twain. The only damage done was the destruction of the bass-drum part of Mr. Sullivan's original orchestral score for the opera.

The whole city was in a perfect fever, and the reports of musketry and torpedoes were deafening.

But the Pinaforic monsters seemed to bear a charmed life; the bullets rebounded from their bodies like a dried pea from an iron-clad. Still the uproar increased, and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan endeavored to obtain shelter.

They reached the *Herald* office; it would have nothing to do with them. Even the Tall Tower denied them refuge. On they sped along Broadway, until they, amidst the yells of the mob, were afforded shelter in the Home for Incurables in 14th Street, not, however, until every vestige of Mr. Sullivan's special orchestral "Pinafore" score had been scattered to the winds.

LATER.

The whole of the Militia and Police force, including Captain Williams, with a new club, are guarding the premises.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, of Philadelphia, have lately published a translation of another of Zola's works, entitled "The Markets of Paris" (*le Ventre de Paris*). It is a strong story, full of vivid and realistic pictures, especially as to the manner in which the Parisians get supplied with their hash and trimmings.

"St. Maur" is by Mr. John Carroll, of Maryland. It is a tale of an Earl's wooing, besides a great many other things. There is a spice of blood and thunder in it, plenty of high-flown language, high life, low life, and, of course, a detective. Both virtue and vice get rewarded and punished, but virtue gets rather the better of it, and the novel ends with everything being decently squared up.

"Miss Margery's Roses" is also one of their series of publications. A Mr. Robert Meyers is the author. He calls it "A Summer Idyl," but "Rosey-Posy" or "Wishy-Washy" would have been equally appropriate names, for a weaker book we have rarely read; Mr. Meyers's attempts at poetry and pathos are failures, the more noticeable because the story assumes to be so idyllic, so sweet, so gentle, so quite too awfully lovely.

PUCK has received from Messrs. Harper & Brothers the first number of a new illustrated weekly eight pages in size, sold for 4 cents and called *Harper's Young People*. We are rejoiced to find a house of such standing turning its attention to providing a wholesome weekly publication for children. With the exception of what one high class monthly magazine has done for them their little minds have been wretchedly catered to by flash publishers, and the vile stuff which, under the name of children's journals, for years has formed the chief weekly reading of our little boys and girls is horrible to contemplate. The foul atmosphere of literature for children has now been cleared by Messrs. Harper & Brother's enterprise. *Young People* ought to be read by every child in the Union. It is well got up, handsomely illustrated, and altogether admirably adapted for its purpose.

NOTICE.

Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 37, 48, and 84 of PUCK will be bought at this office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St, at 10 CENTS per copy; and Numbers 9, 14, 26, 53, 56 and 58 at 25 CENTS per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.

THE THEATRES.

Salisbury's Troubadours are "Brooking" along at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Brooklyn.

The UNION SQUARE'S "French Flats" has had so many people to look at it that the rents of up-town apartment houses have risen fifty per cent. in consequence.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION is scattering about scientific knowledge in a perfectly alarming manner. This fact, combined with the dulcet strains of Downing's Ninth Regiment Band, will make the outlook most serious for the variety stage.

We have seen Mr. Pedicaris's painting at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, and the play, "The Picture" which inspired it, but we must defer our remarks thereon until next week. Messrs. Percy and Pedicaris have a good company and PUCK will be rejoiced to find that they are successful in their undertaking.

Mr. J. K. Emmett at the PARK shows how Mr. *Fritz* looks when he's in Ireland. We prefer him, however, represented in this country. The play of "Fritz in Ireland" will never become a classic, for it is neither funny nor good; but Mr. Emmett's individual personation has not deteriorated.

In spite of the arrival of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, the STANDARD THEATRE still holds "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore." The remarkable tremolo about the voices of all the singers is to be attributed to the presence of Messrs. G. and S. in a private box nightly, who furtively survey the performers through a ten-foot telescope.

ER Majesty's Hopera is well patronized, and Mr. Colonel Mapleson's spirits are proportionately lofty in consequence. Nothing could have been better than the representation of "Faust" the Monday of last week; and Valleria, Campanini, Galassi, Cary and Del Puento almost covered themselves with glory. "Rigoletto" is to be sung to-night and Verdi's masterpiece "Aida" on Friday.

"Our Girls" at WALLACK'S THEATRE is sufficiently English and interesting to insure a good run. It is admirably acted, and Mr. Beckett as *Plantagenet Potter* scores a triumph. Nothing could be truer to nature than the manner in which he depicts the vulgar, prosperous "City" cad. Mr. Edwards plays in a capital manner the old man, *Mr. Clench*; and Our Girls, Miss Rose Wood and Miss Stella Boniface, are equally satisfactory. Mr. Barrymore as the sculptor *Tony Judson* exhibits too much effeminacy in his make-up. Mr. Byron, the author of the play, has succeeded with lively dialogue and verbal trickery in making two acts very entertaining. The third act is somewhat unnatural and strained—not at all what the previous action would lead one to expect as a graceful dénouement.

Answers for the Anxious.

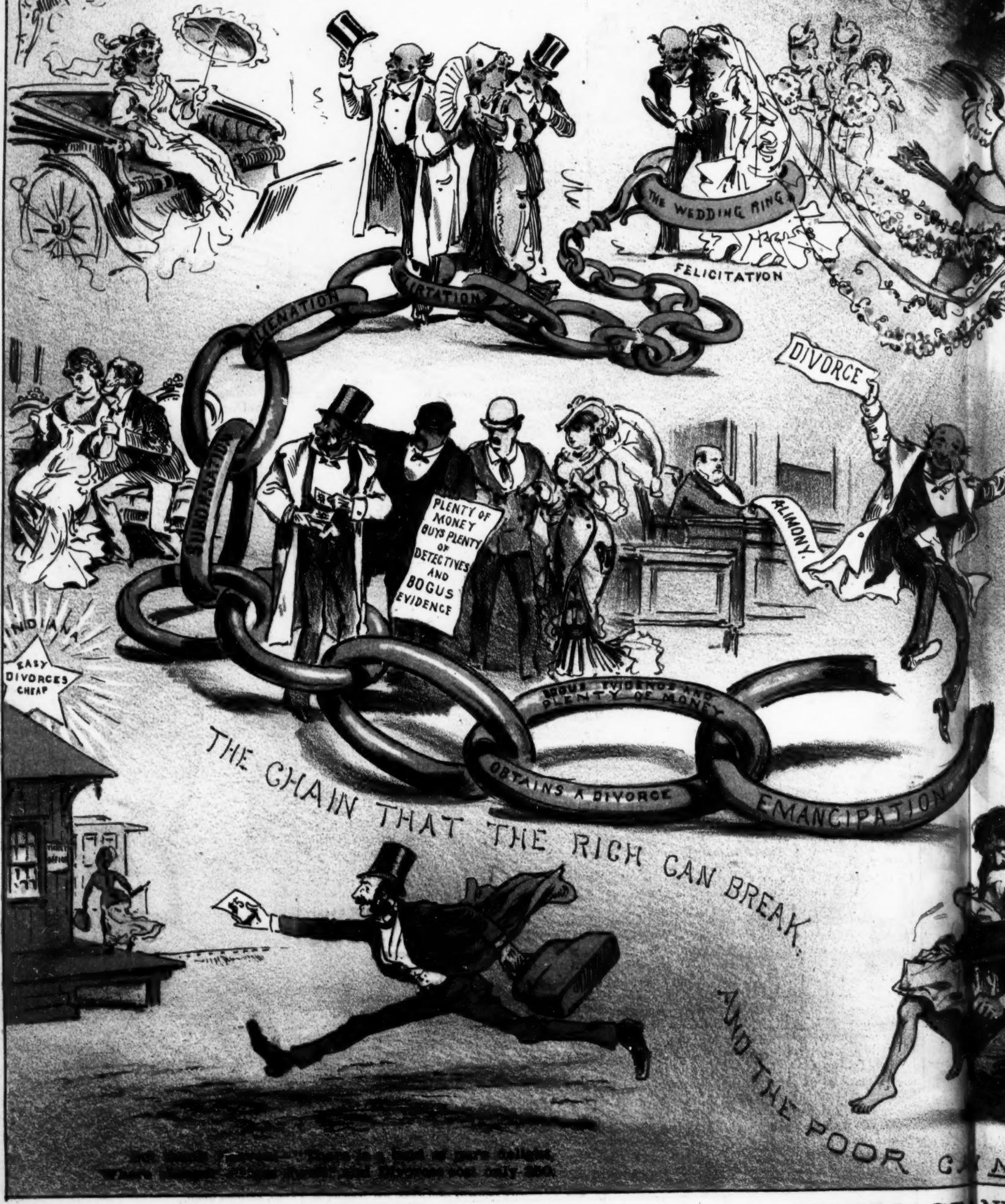
HASELTINE.—Apparently she did vote with Kelly.

ADMIRER.—Wait the appointed hour. We shall do what lies in our power to make General Grant's life pleasant to him, as soon as he gets through with his free-lunching and comes down to business. At present he is more ridiculous than dangerous.

M. DOUGLAS.—We see no objection to your writing an ode to your trousers, if you wish to; but we flatly refuse to have you call them "pants" in our columns. Your trousers may be, perhaps are, very bad; but they have done nothing to deserve that ignominy.

C. J. H., Cincinnati.—Thank you for your information. When you have any more of the same, reel it out. When their case shall seem to require it, we shall rouse your virtuous friends from their conventional seclusion, and give them another little turn, for the benefit of the cold, cruel, heartless world.

It is Easy Enough to Get Married:



MARRIAGE

But the Wedding-Ring proves a Chain when Trouble Comes.



CAN NOT
GET DIVORCE.

ARCHIE GASCOYNE

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,
BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: A Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;" "Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of Life;" "Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney," etc., etc., etc.

(Continued.)

"But you are forgetting your own story?" said Archie after an interval, during which both were lost in thought.

Alice started as from a dream.

"No," she replied, "I was thinking of it; of yours and it; how strangely alike and yet how dissimilar. I too have loved, and, for the present, lost; but unlike you I am not without hope. I can't believe it true—what your Laureate, echoing earlier poets, has sung about the pleasures of memory. 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." I don't believe it."

"Nor I," murmured Archie, "when the sweetness of love has been turned to dust and ashes by falsehood and deceit. The poet doubtless had in his eye the loss of love through death,—a very different thing."

"You are right; he doubtless had. One cannot have perfect love but through death. They should both be sweet; for it is love that perfects life, and death that perfects love. Well, as I said, I too have loved and been loved. It happened in this way. Four years ago in Boston I met a young Scotchman—Ronald Campbell. He was younger than I, though that does not count much for I am older than you. Ah! you need not shake your head; I am, though perhaps you would not think it. My mother died when I was an infant—and there again you and I have a great grief in common, for I see by your face you too lost yours while young. So, you see, I had only my father—dear papa and he is so good—to look to, and he had all along regarded my ultimate marriage with cousin Huckle as arranged and settled. I never did, but then until Ronald appeared I never gave the matter a thought. To me Huckle was merely a sort of big brother to play and make fun with; only not exactly a brother for I should wish any brother of mine to be brave and honorable and true,—in short a gentleman. And though Huckle is my cousin I am sorry to say he is none of these. But my father does not know it, and then Huckle is one of the few blood relations he has now alive, and he is besides quite wealthy and in business smart,—quite too awfully smart, folks say. So, though Ronald made love to me and we became engaged, I shrank at first from telling father. I would of course have told him at last, but for reasons of his own Ronald would not allow me. He had certain matters to clear up in Scotland; some grave injustice to expose; his own or some one else's good name to vindicate and clear,—before he cared to make public the fact of our engagement."

"What the nature of his trouble was I never knew. Not that I might not have known had I liked, for more than once he wanted to tell me. But I had that confidence in him that I would not listen to him; preferring to wait until Time and Fate should unravel the mystery."

"As regards character and position he was, in the eyes of the world as of mine, beyond reproach, and then he was so young—so handsome; and oh, so brave and smart,—he knew

everything—could dare everything. Well, he went to Europe—to Scotland—to settle his affairs—the affairs to which I have alluded, and he was to have met me in Glasgow on the day we left, and to have returned to New York in this ship. He swore that nothing except death or mortal illness would hinder him. Swore this and repeated the same in writing four days before we left. And—and—can't you guess?"

"I can."

"That's so; he never turned up. And O, Mr. Gascoyne, there was that great trouble he had—that awful shadow on his young life; and I fear the worst,—and I love him—I love him so."

* * *

How long the two sorrowers sat together in sympathetic silence they themselves never knew. Each felt relieved and to a certain degree comforted by the mutual confidence; and each felt that in the other a friend for life had been discovered. It was the lady who was first to recover.

"Strange how romantic some lives are! Why, your story is just what one might expect in a novel!"

"And why not?" was the reply. "It is a vulgar error to think that the improbable is necessarily the uncommon. Why, the impossibilities of fiction are the commonplaces of life."

"Perhaps," said Alice musingly, "but few ordinary people really believe in the possibility of—say 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"No; that is because ordinary people are incapable of very deep passion. They are merely ordinary people, you will observe; that is to say, commonplace, and passion is never that. The love Shakspere wrote of in that most emotional of all his plays was purely, intensely, supremely romantic, and the life of all men and women who feel intensely is a romance."

"What's that, sir?" drawled a well-known voice behind them, as old Jakes suddenly presented himself.

"Nothing, papa," hurriedly replied his daughter, "Mr. Gascoyne was merely giving his definition of the impossible."

"He was—was he? and what may it have been, miss?"

"He doesn't believe in it."

"Then re-soom the combat."

"Ah!" said Archie, rising, "that is the one exception to the rule—that is impossible."

And the conversation never was resumed at the precise point at which it had been broken off. Emotional conversations seldom are; but all the same, Alice and Archie felt something more to each other than ordinary friends—even intimate friends—are; something, we hasten to add, which would forever prevent them from being lovers. But then they never dreamt of that.

* * *

"Papa!" said Alice, as she and old Jakes walked away, "what made you seek me here?"

The old Yank's eyes twinkled as he answered:

"Huckle did."

"I knew it."

But old Jakes said never a word; he only chuckled the more.

He knew more about his hopeful nephew and the young English stranger; about their character, prospects and natures, than even his shrewd daughter—and Alice was shrewd—suspected.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"By many a deathbed I have been,
And many a dying sinner seen,
But never aught like this."

—MARMION.

AFTER his interview with Alice Jakes, Archie felt decidedly better; so much so that after dinner he actually accepted an invitation from the Captain to go along to his room on deck and take a hand at whist. Perhaps, had he known the company he was to meet there he would have respectfully declined—for on arriving he found himself in presence of the Baron and his Chicago shadow, the Doctor, old Jakes, and his precious nephew, with Captain Smith. There was, indeed, yet another present, a retired chandler, from the "Sautmarket o' Glaesgy," who rejoiced in the historic name of McLeish, but as he was never heard to say anything beyond an occasional "Maist indoobitably," he hardly counts.

The Baron was in great form. He had an unusually good run at cards, and had picked up two new stories—really new—from one of the crew. When Archie entered the little room the Baron was singing, with an indescribably funny nasal twang, some nursery verses about the immortal "Daddy Longlegs," the last three of which will suffice as a sample:

"Then as she sat, and supped, and smiled,
He stole behind to kill her;
And so expired that dainty child,
Unfortunate Miss Miller."

When Longlegs sat alone once more
He could not be contended;
He thought the sad scene o'er and o'er,
And his bad deed repented.

"She came to cheer my lonely life,
Sighed this long-legged sinner,
I might have had her for my wife,
But took her for my dinner."

"Bravo, Baron," cried the Captain, his round red face radiant with good humor—and dinner. "That beats the Doctor's 'Rocked in the Cradle' yet. Ye ought tae get anither sang forbye that 'un, Beeswing; though I'm no sayin' but what it's gude eneuch."

When in company he liked, and not standing on his dignity, "Daddy Smith"—as the Captain was irreverently but affectionately known in the service—always spoke the broadest Doric.

"Don't find fault with the Doctor," chipped in the Baron; "the cradle song is distinctly professional."

"Maist indoobitably," grunted McLeish, taking, very solemnly, another pinch of snuff.

"Then gie us the Cradle once mare, Doctor," exclaimed their host, "an' while ye do t' I'll light a fresh sea-gaur."

Before Beeswing could reply young Jakes exclaimed:

"Not yet, Doctor. Let Rothschild give us Daddy Longlegs over again. Gascoyne there hasn't heard it all, and he goes in for murders."

Archie, who had been paying no attention to the conversation, his mind being elsewhere, started as if a snake had bitten him. There was no mistaking the expression of Huckleberry's eye, and the ghost of a smile that just wrinkled the corners of his thin, livid lips. Wasn't it possible he could know? For a moment Archie shuddered to think he did; then

he put the thought aside as impossible. He did not know how much of his interview with Alice her jealous cousin had overheard.

Just as he was about to reply, however, "Daddy Smith," unable to resist a chance of having a dig at the Doctor, exclaimed:

"Nae, nae; ye're meestakin' ye'r man, Meester Jakes. It's the Doctor that goes in for murders, and more by token, here's Johnny for him noo."

Johnny was the officers' boy and had just popped his head in at the door, too excited to think of knocking.

"Ye're wanted quick, Doctor," gasped the boy. "That man's dying."

That man was Archie's countryman; the invalid Northumbrian. Both Archie and Beeswing simultaneously started to their feet, but the latter, throwing down his cards, said:

"No, no; you wait here quietly till I return or send for you. Business first and pleasure afterwards, you know—take my hand"—and almost before he had done speaking he was outside the door.

Half an hour passed. Young Jakes was boasting of his experiences.

"Last fall," said he, "we had a high old time in Eu-rope, you bet. We saw the Campanile and Byron's diggings, and the great geographer, Baalbec."

"Balbi, you mean, I suppose?" interpolated Archie incautiously.

What answer Huckle might have given is not known, for at that moment the Doctor entered hurriedly and with a paler face than usual.

"Come, Gascoyne," he said to Archie. "Come with me."

And Archie went, for his countryman—so the Doctor said—was dying, and had something on his mind, which he would reveal to no one but Mr. Gascoyne.

* * *

Archie was closeted with the dying man for nearly an hour, and only left his side to summon the Doctor. With half an hour of the latter's arrival his patient was dead.

"I never thought he would have slipped away so easily," whispered the Doctor. "When I saw him last he was terribly excited, and evidently in great anguish of mind as well as body."

"Yes," replied Archie, who was very pale and thoughtful, "he too had his skeleton. But he got rid of it, thank God, at last; at the last. His was a sad story, Doctor. Yes, he told it to me." (This in response to an inquiring look from Beeswing.) "That was why he sent you for me. Some day or other I may tell you it; but not now, not now."

That same night, while the facts were yet fresh in his memory, Gascoyne jotted down the following story; which, as it has an important bearing on his fortunes, we give entire.

* * *

Until that night Archie's diary—for, like nine-tenths of the people who cross the Atlantic for the first time, he succumbed to the temptation and weakness of keeping one—was of the most uneventful character. What diary of a sea-voyage was ever otherwise? The record for the first four days ran as follows:

"Friday, 10. Sent letters off at Greenock, and stood right out to sea without calling at Larne. Fine night.

"Saturday, 11. Fine day. Sea very rough. Ship's run 312. All on board nearly all in bed.

"Sunday. Boatswain—Northumbrian man—very ill. Dying. Curious lot at table. The Yankee, Jakes, a curiosity. His daughter good-looking and self-possessed. Very. The very stands for both. Jakes the younger unhappily my room-mate. An awful cad. Baron Rothschild a genius. Peculiar. Captain Smith and

the Doctor good fellows. Run of ship 264. Wind freshened greatly. At noon swell very heavy. Waves broken and tumbled. Alice Jakes turns out trump.

"Monday 13. Ship's run 258. Fine day. Wind high but slackened. Boatswain better; Huckle worse. The Baron and Captain in great form. Alice Jakes and I have long talks. She is highly educated, very intelligent and frank."

So ran the diary until Tuesday, when it suddenly assumed a more interesting and romantic aspect; and, curiously enough, was never afterwards resumed. Here is the entry; the last in Gascoyne's diary; the last indeed he ever entered, for he never afterwards tried to keep one.

"Tuesday, 14. Ship's run 250. Blade of propeller broke about midnight. Wind still from N.W. Revealed all to Miss Jakes and she to me. She is a true woman; God bless her. Great heavens! can it be that Maggie—but no. *** I had got thus far just before dinner, and at the sound of four bells—(the first dog-watch, 6 o'clock)—laid the diary aside. After dinner Captain Smith invited me to his deck-room to have a smoke and a hand at whist. I reluctantly went. That beast Huckle was present and behaved badly. After I had been a short time there I was sent for to attend on poor Jim. It was the Doctor came for me, and of course I went. I found the boatswain dying. He would allow no one in the room but myself. He wished to confess something, and in me only would he confide. I never wish to spend such a time again. The poor fellow's anguish and expressions of remorse went to my heart. At this writing I don't know what to think of his story; but this I do know—it was sincere, and Jim believed in it implicitly. So much importance did he attach to it that he made me promise faithfully to write it down immediately, as literally as I could. I kept my word—and here it is, though necessarily condensed.

The dying man's words are not given *verbatim et literatim*, for I have not tried to do that, but I am sure I have not deviated one hair-breadth from their sense.

It is 11.30 P.M. and Jim has been only one hour dead. His words are, therefore, fresh in my mind, and, as nearly as I can recall, his story ran this way:

THE STORY OF DARE-DEVIL JIM.

When I entered Jim's crib the sufferer was in a very feeble and exhausted condition, but lightly excited. On seeing me, however, his face brightened up a bit and he calmed down.

"I know'd as how you would come, Mister Gascoyne, I know'd it," and a look of inexpressible gratitude and relief passed across his thin, worn face. "Thank 'ee, Mister, thank 'ee, and God bless 'ee. I'm a-goin' fast ye see, and if they were the last words I said they would be, 'God bless 'ee, Mister Gascoyne.'"

"Don't be so down-spirited Jim," I said, with the best attempt at cheerfulness I could assume in the dread presence of what I could not but recognize as Death. "It's only a weak turn you have. You'll get over it, if you only keep up a stout heart."

"Lord love thee, sir; it's koind of 'ee to say so; but I've seed too many folks die in my time not to know when the end's a-comin'. There was Dick Higginbotham—he was my pardner, was Dick; and it's about him as well as myself I wants to tell 'ee before I go to jine him—he died just the same way." Then sinking his voice to a hoarse, terrified whisper. "I tell ye just the same way as me, and because why? Because him and me had done the same crime."

The tone in which the concluding words were delivered made me fear that the speaker was beginning to rave again, and I tried to

soothe him; but he merely smiled in a ghastly sort of way as he assured me his "head was level, and he knew what he was about."

"Listen, Mr. Gascoyne," he resumed after a brief pause, as much for reflection as for rest, "I want to confess somethin' to 'ee that has been weighin' me down fur nigh on to five and twenty yearn. It has been a-killing me all that time—it is killing me now, and I know as how I couldn't rest in the grave if I didn't tell it to some'un. O, Mister Gascoyne, you're the first as has ever said a kind word to me ever since my poor pardner slipped his cable, and that's more'n ten years ago, and you hev a dying man's thanks. You won't turn the cold shoulder on me now because I'm goin' to confess. You won't refuse to listen to me because—because—"

"Certainly not, poor fellow," I interrupted him, cutting him short to prevent his getting more excited; "God knows, we are none of us too good, and I'm ready for your story."

"Thank 'ee, mister, thank 'ee," and he feebly stretched out his hand and pressed mine. "Maybe as how it may turn out for your good too; maybe as how it 'ull make your fortune."

Again I thought him raving, but he continued to speak rationally, and as if he knew what he was saying.

"I'm not much of a hand, sir, at spinning yarns, not being no scholard like Dick was, and I'll cut it as short's I can, so as not to weary you lide. I needn't tell 'ee my real name. So long ago most as I can mind I was called Jim. In later years when I was growed up and went on the Lakes I got christened 'Buffalo Jim' and 'Dare-Devil Jim,' but that was when I had gone to the bad; when remorse had drove me to rum and the devil. I was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and never had no mother as I can remember. Fayther he was a collier, and all I can mind about him is that he used to get tearing drunk every Saturday night and whop me most awful. I was kinder high-spirited, ye see, and didn't like it, and, along with two other boys—Patsey Black and Billy Kelly—ran away to sea."

(To be continued.)

MARK TWAIN ON SABBATARIAN HAWLEY.

He is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of "Beautiful Snow." Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor whose vegetable-garden adjoins mine, why—I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbor. Gen. Hawley keeps his promises not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the author of "Beautiful Snow," he has added a new pang to Winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution-box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so bountiful in his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it doesn't destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Gen. Hawley."



Puck's Exchanges.

HARD LUCK.

A saw-cy young man from Toronto
To steal six thousands did want to;
So he borrowed a saw,
And then a chum saw,
Who sawed for the man from Toronto.

—Mark Twain.

But the Hop Bitters man from Row-chester,
Who, by the way, is not a jester,
Just row-ped in the pile,
And said, "wait a while,"
Did this medicine man from Row-chester.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

Then a po-liceman from Ban-gor
Said mister, you're breaking the law;
So he just scooped him in
And gobbled his "tin,"
Did this po-liceman from Ban-gor.

—Bangor Commercial.

HAVE you asked for an extra blanket yet?—
Boston Post.

LOTTERY advertisements should be written in blank verse.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

ANOTHER way to settle the Indian problem is to have all the white folks killed off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A UTICA bootblack who was driven out of that city, claims consideration here as a polish refugee.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

THE Emperor William made a speech from the throne the other day, but we are confident he does not intend to lecture.—*Oil City Derrick.*

WHEN a lead-pencil drops from behind a man's ear, it always lands on the point and the latter breaks off. If the pencil has no point, the pencil doesn't drop.—*N. Y. Star.*

ANYBODY who wants a piece of pie out of which General Grant has taken one bite can have that souvenir by sending \$75 to the head-waiter at the Palace.—*San Francisco Post.*

AN eminent political economist has grave fears that the gradual extinction of the cannibal races is owing to the reckless and injurious adulteration of the missionaries.—*Hawkeye.*

THE housekeeping expenses of the Sultan are \$10,000,000. But then it must be remembered that he pays for his plumber work by the day, and keeps a Newfoundland dog whose appetite couldn't be better.—*Albany Journal.*

THERE are only three things you can get for nothing in this world—air, water and advice.—*Syracuse Herald.* Oh! you are mistaken. The *Town Crier* knows lots of people who have gotten good-for-nothing. —*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

NOTHING in the world so thoroughly exasperates your enterprising bill-poster as, after he has over night carefully adorned some empty packing-box with posters of a sheriff's sale and a dog-match, to pass by in the morning and find that the store porter has meanly turned the box upside down.—*San Francisco Post.*

MR. HERDER, in his Hebrew poetry, says that "Man, born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble." Perhaps Mr. Herder would like to suggest some new process by which man may be born other than "of woman." If so, Mr. Herder has the floor.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

AN exchange talks of "the land of rubber," and the school-boy with a taste for geography says: "What an easy country to bound!"—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A YOUNG man who lost a bet of oysters with three of his friends, said he wouldn't pay it unless he was four stew.—*Cin. Sat. Night.* He has since made a bet with nine of his friends, and says he in ten stew pay this time if he loses.—*Free Press.*

"Have you ever seen 'Pinafore,' Mr. Sullivan?"

"No, never."

"What, never?"

"Well, as Mr. Gilbert said once when I asked the questions and he did not see what I was laughing at—'Veryseldom.'"—*N.Y. World Interview.*

THE union between Bismarck and Pope Leo is freely commented on in political circles. Mr. B. has promised His Holiness not to eat meat on Friday on the condition that the Pope will get privately married and join the Free Masons. If this understanding is happily arrived at it is probable that other concessions will follow.—*S. F. News-Letter.*

WHAT brought Grant home?" mysteriously demands a Missouri contemporary. We didn't follow the game close, but he might have got in on a hard hit to centre field, or a hot liner to third, badly muffed, or a daisy-cutter out to left field; it's easy enough to get home when you are on third and have a lively hitter at the bat.—*Hawkeye.*

GREECE:—"You don't respect the treaty of Berlin!"

TURKEY:—"Yes, I do."

GREECE:—"You think 'cause you're bigger'n me ye can impose on me, but I'll knock the stuffin' out o' ye some day."

TURKEY:—"Never mind; I'll get yer sometime when ye haven't got yer crowd with ye, and then"—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Dat cullud pussun on de jury, him's de man I objec' to," said a negro when put on trial in the Marion, S. C., Court the other day. The black good man and true was unseated, and the prisoner given acquittal. After his release the darkey was asked what he had against a jurymen of his own color. "Nuffin at all, boss," said he, "but, ye see, I knowed if I flattered de prejudus ob de odder jurymen dat I get off, an' golly I did."—*N. H. Register.*

A PIECE of poetry written some years ago contains the line "I hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of Time." This is all right and probably suited the age in which it was written, but now-a-days it would be more appropriate to say: "I hear the ragged tramp of 27 years come shuffling up the garden walk, and I'll fly and lock the door before he steals the overcoat in the hall." Time works wondrous changes, and poetry must be made to fit the age in which we live.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE Holyoke Manufacturer, of Holyoke (Mass.), comes to the front as a journal devoted to the manufacturing interests of the United States. This is a handsome quarto of twenty-four pages, full of statistics about commercial and other matters, but with room to throw in that old lively collection of falsehoods about the many greatest wonders of the world to be found in America. Everybody, even in America, knows that the Mississippi is a drop in the bucket compared with the Amazon, and that the area of all our territory is but 3,500,000 square miles; yet the *Holyoke Manufacturer* comes up smiling with the delightful news that the Mississippi is the largest river in the world, and that its valley contains 5,000,000 square miles. Why not 10,000,000? It costs nothing to invent, and the figures look rounder.—*S. F. News Letter.*

■ COURTNEY's song: Hop bitter is my lot! How could those fellows do it? They sawed my boat in two, and no one there to glue it."—*Syracuse Herald.*

No one objects to seeing the Indian summer here, but out in Colorado they say they would rather see the Indian somewhere else.—*New Bedford Standard.*

SOME Democratic editors, who wanted the last Congress to abolish the army, are now howling because there are not thirty thousand soldiers at each spot where there are one hundred and fifty Indians. As it would only require about 300,000,000 soldiers to scatter them, it is a wonder the government doesn't pacify these howlers by cutting up our army of 20,000 into small armies of thirty thousand each and put them where they will do the most good. If the Secretary of War can't distribute the army in the manner suggested, let him resign.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE summer is past. The harvest is ended. The vacation is over. The summer parties are broken up, and the summer friends have gone home. The ducks we shot are still flying around, happy as the ducks we did not shoot. The trout we caught are growing in weight and size from day to day. The memories of mountain and forest and sea linger to fill the coming winter days with the grace of summer sunshine. No more the fond mosquito winds his mellow horn; the black ant haunts alone the long deserted picnic-grounds, no good man settles on his sand-built nest. The grape smiles out in ruddy bloom where erst the strawberry mocked the languid pocket-book. The sound of the "agricultural horse-trot" is heard in the land, as the honest horseman wanders from fair to county fair, enters his horse in all the races, under as many different names as there are counties in the United States. Again the agricultural associations are making enough money on the gambling privilege to pay the premiums on needle-work and sausage on the hoof. Gone is the salmon-rod; gone is the book of the flies; gone is the internal economy of the pocket-book; gone are several things. The breezes of September sigh dreamily through the rustling blades of the ripened corn, and the wide lecture field smiles with the promise of harvest. We have been home about twenty-four hours—hallo! train time already? Time we were off for Colorado.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the child and benefit themselves by taking Hop Bitters daily.

Camp Meetings as they are.

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This is what the poor man wants, something that will better his condition in life, if sickness assails his household, the idea of paying two dollars for a doctor or a dollar for a bottle of some secret medicine is out of the question; but surely he cannot grudge a quarter to be cured of the Chills. This is what Thermaline will do without fail. A trial will convince the doubtful.

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A HISTRION'S ANTI-PATHY.

While Mr. Bandmann, the actor about whom so much has been said, was eating his breakfast a morning or two ago, a man with a paralytic twinkle in his southwest optic, stepped up and said:

"Good morning, most noble Khedive."

"Good morning," replied the histrion.

"By my halidome, but thou art a merry-hearted knave. Aye, marry, come up, but this is grand; which character, Mr. Bandmann, do you think you enact with greatest effect?"

"I never act with effect."

"You act well," continued the visitor.

"No, sir, you are mistaken, I don't act well, and I never intend to be a good actor. I protest against it."

"But I assure you you are a good actor."

"No, I'm not, and I don't intend to be, either, if I can help it."

"Then you don't want to be a good actor?"

"No, sir."

"That is funny."

"No, it isn't; I'll never try to act well. If I turn out to be a grand success what will the upshot of the matter be? Why, my picture will go floating around, and the first thing I know I'll see it cocked up in the window of a Bowery hat store to help trade along. My only show is to be a supe."—*New York Star.*

WITH its usual facilities for obtaining important news in advance of its contemporaries, the *Post* is enabled to publish the following announcement of a six days' match between school-children and snails, to come off shortly at the Mechanics' Pavilion. As may be supposed, this match is arranged to settle the vexed question as to the relative speed of school-children and snails. Shakspere tries to place their progressive powers on a par, when he speaks of the school-boy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," while more modern writers contend that the snail has a pronounced advantage in both wind and limb. It is useless, however, for us to look for an increase of national greatness, or a return of commercial prosperity, while vital questions such as these remain undecided. What we want are the bottom facts, and the result of the approaching match will, doubtless, overthrow preconceived notions in a manner calculated to shake the sporting and scientific world to its centre.

The entrance fee for school-children will be one hundred unsucked sour balls, or eighty-six glass alleys—public school currency. Snails, on account of difficulty in transporting baggage, will be free. Slugs, half price.

The children will be allowed to carry fishing-poles, green apples and other things calculated to make them feel as if they were playing truant, and otherwise encourage them. Any bystanders detected in the act of exhibiting spelling-books, birch-rods, or otherwise endeavoring to frighten the competitors, will be summarily dealt with.

All snails who have previously crawled for money will be barred.

The winner to receive one grab at the gate-money after expenses are deducted and the managers have gotten through with the bag, together with an elegant lithographic illuminated Sunday-school merit card. The second to get one-half the remainder, the third to get what's left, and the fourth to get away with its life.

The snailroad is now being rapidly constructed, and contestants are requested to be on hand promptly at the hour of starting, as any delay in that respect will interfere with the match between tom-cats and bed-bugs, which is the next of these recherché entertainments on the list.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Bodega

<

The Mummery of Masonry.

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"COMING through the rye" is not a Bourbon ballad.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

PERU may have lost her celebrated iron clad, but she still possesses her famous bark.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

TEXAS is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, and nine million times as mean.—*Buffalo Express*.

ALL lost, but honor! But, thank Heaven, peanuts still sell in Philadelphia at five cents per quart.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald*.

THE legend "In God we Trust" on the counterfeit dollar, shines out as bright as a black eye.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

TALMAGE is lecturing on "blunders." The greatest blunder of his life was when he became a minister instead of a circus manager.—*Bangor Commercial*.

IF George Washington had been wise enough to profit by the example of André, he, too, might have had his monument by this time.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A FOREIGN advertisement offers for sale a title possessed by a noble family four hundred years. Cyrus André Field, Prince of Snobs, d'ye mind that?—*Boston Post*.

SINCE Chinese is being taught at Harvard the students speak broken English in the following elegant manner: "Sayee, walkee upee, takee dlink?"—*New Haven Register*.

A KENTUCKY man was hit in the leg by a bullet, while upon his knees in prayer, and Peck's *Sun* says: "Such a thing might not occur again in a thousand years in Kentucky."

BE patient. Wait. Don't fret over last summer's ice bill. Scientists tell us that in 17,000,000 years ice sixteen feet thick will entirely envelope this planet, and then the ice man's extortions will end.—*Cinn. Sat. Night*

AN Oregon paper says that a married lady of that State saw a town for the first time in her life when she attended the Grant jubilee at Portland, but the editor carefully abstains from telling us what town it was she saw.—*S. F. News-Letter*.

THERE was a bold man named Kelly,
Who knocked his own party to jelly,
By catching the votes,
And bluffing Sam's notes,
Which gives Sam cramp pains in the—
stomach
Instead of a campaign next fall.
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE use of whiskey for rattlesnake bites in Texas has increased so enormously during the past year that the overworked snakes have resolved to leave the State unless the Board of Immigration reinforces them strongly. They work on double time, and yet can't do half the biting that is demanded by the consumers. One snake who does business at Port Lavaca is six weeks behind his orders, and three of the clerks are sick.—*Hawkeye*.

AND now, ladies and gentlemen, the world-renowned, only and irreproachable, peerless and intrepid bareback rider, the gallant General Butler, will appear, for positively the last time, in his great, wonderful and stupendous five-horse act, never before attempted by any man in any country in any age. The great General Butler has been secured at an enormous outlay, and appears with no other show but this truly moral exhibition, the Great Comprehensive Demo-Republico-Greenback-Independent-Labor Combination. He has been the wonder and delight of cropped heads in all the police courts of the country. Strike up the music! Here he comes! Hoop la!—*Boston Transcript*.

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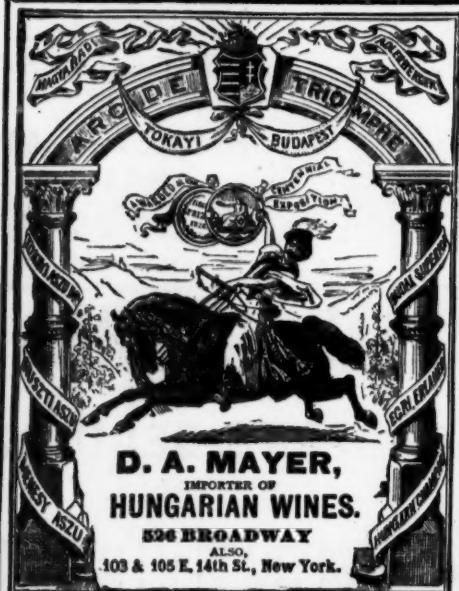
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THE OLD BOY.

When, leaving town, I would regain
The place of my residing
(Though I should scarcely seek in vain
Facilities for riding;
And though I've surely reached an age
To wrap, and ride, and "coddle,")
I daily plod my homeward stage—
The youngsters call it "toddle."

For there are windows on the way
Whose fascination thaws me
To youth again, and whose display
Magnetically draws me;
In working hours my memory clings
About those windows, gay with
A host of brightly-colored things
I long to clutch and play with!

There tiny warriors cast in lead
Stand stiffly, game for "closing";
And baby locomotives, sped
By clockwork, are reposing;
And lovely little ships there are—
(How longingly I scan them!)
With little men, with clothing far
Too stiff to bend, to man them.

I often hesitate and stop,
And, trying hard to stifle
My longings, rush within the shop
And buy some precious trifle:
I hint about some little boy
For whom I would provide it;
And then I hug the thing with joy,
And take it home and hide it.

But if "the City" were aware
Of such a consummation
Its very desks and safes would stare,
Agape with consternation;
With me, its senior partner, so
Forgetting my condition
The firm of Cobbey, Webb & Co.
Would forfeit its position!

The ledger I abhor and scout
With enmity unswerving,
And kick and batter it about
When nobody's observing;
I loathe each shrewd commercial trick,
And inly scorn and scoff it;
The junior partners make me sick
With tales of loss and profit.

My years are seventy and three;
'Tis time for lying fallow;
When will my partners set me free
From jute, and hides, and tallow?
I long to have a little play
Before the time that's creeping
Upon me bids me come away
And robe myself for sleeping.

I'm growing absent when they speak
Of Cutch; my memory passes
From Demerara closing weak,
And dullness in Molasses;
They worry me no more: my brains
Ignore them, like a dreamer's—
I'm driving model railway trains,
Or sailing little steamers.

Hurrah! the doctor says that rest
Is what my mind's requiring,
And even ventures to suggest
My finally retiring!
I will! I'll fill the house with toys
And play the lifelong daytime!
Come on, you other aged boys—
They've let me out! It's playtime!

—James F. Sullivan in Hood's Annual.

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